

AN
EPISTLE

TO

Mr. P O P E,

FROM A

Young Gentleman at R O M E.

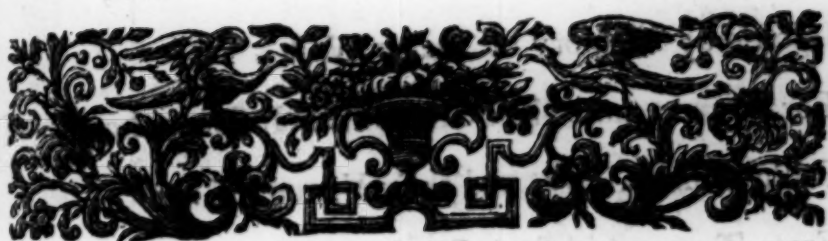
*An quidquam nobis tali sit munere majus ?
Et Puer ipse fuit cantari dignus——*

VIRG. ECL. V.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Y E A R M D C C X X X .



AN
EPISTLE from ROME
TO
Mr. P O P E.

May 7, 1730.



IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse
has wove

The fairest Garlands of th' *Aonian* Grove,

O born, our drooping Genius to restore,

When ADDISON and CONGREVE are no more;

After so many Stars extinct in Night,

The darken'd Age's last remaining Light !

To Thee from *Latian* Realms this Verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by Memory of ancient Wit ;
 For now no more these Climes their Influence boast,
 Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue lost :
 From Tyrants and from Priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of *Reason* and of *Liberty*.
 Nor *Baie* now, nor *Umbria's* Plain they love,
 Nor on the Banks of *Nar*, or *Mincio* rove ;
 To *Thames's* flow'ry Borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy Breast the *Roman* Fire.
 So in the Shades, where cheer'd with Summer-rays
 Melodious Linnets warbled sprightly Lays ;
 Soon as the faded, falling Leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's inauspicious Reign,
 No tuneful Voice is heard of Joy or Love,
 But mournful Silence saddens all the Grove.

Unhappy *Italy* ! whose alter'd State
 Has felt the worst Severity of Fate :

Not that Barbarian Hands her * *Rods* have broke,
 And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their Yoke;
 Not that her Palaces to Earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her Fields unsown;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her Bounds is fled,
 That there the Source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich Streams supply'd the World before.

Illustrious Names! that once in *Latium* shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty *ROME* was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd;
 Oft I the Traces you have left explore,
 Visit your Ashes, and your Urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with Lips devout, some mould'ring Stone,
 With Ivy's venerable Shade o'ergrown;

* *Fasces*.

Those hallow'd Ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the Pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on VIRGIL's Tomb fresh Flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my Bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with unfading Bays, my ravish'd Eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise ;
“ Stranger, he said, whose pious Hand has paid
“ Those grateful Rites to my attentive Shade,
“ When thou shalt breathe thy happy native Air,
“ To POPE this Message from his Master bear :

“ Great Bard ! whose Numbers I my self inspire,
“ To whom I gave my own harmonious Lyre ;
“ If mounted high upon the Throne of Wit,
“ Near Me and HOMER thou aspire to sit ;
“ No more let meaner Satire taint thy Bays,
“ And stain the Glory of thy nobler Lays ;
“ In all the flow'ry Paths of *Pindus* stray,
“ But shun that thorny, that unpleasing Way :

“ Why

“ Why wou’d’st thou force thy Genius from its End ?

“ Form’d to delight, why striv’st thou to offend?

“ When every soft, engaging Muse is thine,

“ Why court the least attractive of the Nine?

“ Of Thee more worthy were the Task to raise

“ A lasting Column to thy Country’s Praise ;

“ To sing the Land, which now alone can boast

“ That LIBERTY unhappy ROME has lost ;

“ Where SCIENCE in the Arms of PEACE is laid,

“ And plants her Palm beneath the Olive’s Shade ;

“ Where Honours on distinguish’d Merit wait,

“ And Virtue is no more a Foe to State.

“ Such was the Theme for which my Lyre I strung,

“ Such was the People whose Exploits I sung ;

“ Brave, yet refin’d, for Arms and Arts renown’d,

“ With different Bays by Mars and Phæbus crown’d,

“ Dauntless Opposers of Tyrannick Sway,

“ But pleas’d a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.”

If these Commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy Name shall live;
 Envy to black *Cocytus* shall retire,
 And howl with Furies in tormenting Fire;
 Remoteſt Times ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
 And join the PATRIOT's to the POET's Praise.

F I N I S.



